

A Woman Mountain Climber's Exploits.



I am a Mazama, one of the mountain climbers of the Pacific Northwest, whose daring exploits for three summers have attracted attention the world over. No one belongs to this Alpine society without first giving proof of his or her pluck and muscle by climbing to the summit of a formidable peak at least 10,000 feet high. I qualified with my very first ascent, when I marched to the summit of Mount Tacoma (Rainier), 15,000 feet southward, and enjoyed its first hospitality extended to any woman. That night I slept in its crater, hidden in an ice cave, and scarcely comfortable with the thermometer registering at 18 degrees.

There is no sport so arduous as mountain climbing. Trips, golf, yachting, rowing, wheeling and surf bathing, full of exhilaration and effort as they are, are mere nursery games compared to the real task of toiling through mountains, pushing up steep slopes, risking rocky ledges and treading around many a treacherous crevasse.

It is not gentle work, even for stalwart men. It requires strong bodies, unflinching determination, plenty of pluck and an almost inconceivable amount of endurance. I have seen fragile girls, fresh from the ball room, climb for hours over fields of perpetual snow and ice, only surmounting the difficulties and achieving the adventurous feat after a succession of fainting attacks and moments of deadly illness.

Only recently I attempted to scale Mount Adams, the second highest peak in Washington, 12,400 feet. In a condition so weak and ill that I could hardly crawl on my hands and knees over rough lava beds and granite boulders. For fourteen hours I toiled painfully up the long, tedious slopes, and without drink or food, save a fragment begged near the end of the climb, plodded on alone until I stood upon the summit at sunset—the last to reach the top—after all other Mazamas had long since returned and were safe in camp. That was an awful day, and I would altogether abandon the fascinating charms of mountain life rather than repeat its discomforts.

Climbing the Alps has always been considered the supreme test of a mountaineer's ability. But the western ranges present equal problems. Moreover, these peaks are not already conquered with ropes and shackled with chains, made accessible by ladders or comfortable with ladders, nor are the climbers led by careful Alpine guides. The Mazamas think they could show European climbers a little genuine work here in America. Otherwise they might not have defiantly named their society after the rapidly disappearing mountain goat, whose home is found only on the highest peaks of this continent.

The finest mountaineers of the Northwest are Mazamas. On the heights of Hood they organized, 200 or more, after a stormy climb amid hail and snow and wind. They illuminated its summit for Portland to view, sixty miles away. They climbed, simultaneously, in several parties, all the highest peaks in Washington and Oregon, and flashed heliographic messages up and down the line. And only a few weeks ago they christened "Mount Mazama," the volcanic ruin cradling the Crater Lake—the deepest body of fresh water in America, and the geological wonder of the world.

From its solitary island they burned a blaze of red fire and set the lake in a crimson glow. Their next experiment will be one in scientific kite flying, possibly from half a dozen mountain peaks in two States, each measuring from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand feet.

Mount Pitt, about ten thousand feet above the sea, attracted the Mazamas' attention this year on their way to Crater Lake, a vast blue cup lying on the summit of the Cascade range, in Southern Oregon, a hundred miles from any railroad. The mountain is little known, and no trail connects it with the main route to the lake. To reach its base and accomplish the stiff climb proved a bigger task than anticipated, twenty miles or more of sleight tramping, without pilot, on trail through rough woods, over swamps and up steep craters of boulders and loose scoriae.

One night, removed from camp and its comforts, we lay on a bed of huge rocks without any water and with very little

mermen of these waters—are seen at night, and I half hoped to meet one of the marine monsters that have awed the Indians from time unknown.

Crater Lake is a mirror big enough to satisfy the vainest woman in Christendom. Its shadows and reflections are wondrous and fascinating. Each cliff and jagged rock is repeated in marine setting around a circular sweep of twenty-five miles. It is actually impossible to discern the divorcing water line. At sunset these mirrors that had been smiling all day softly back to heaven sank slowly away into the water, the sun toppled over a ragged peak, spilling his splendor by the way, and for a moment the quiet of twilight paused over all.

Then the night shift came on, and the big moon arose, rich as a California orange. The wind stirred and the lake's calm face grew wrinkled and old. The moon launched a golden boat, and both softly sailed away.

I built a fire upon the crater's rim, for it was cold and cheerless, and just then it seemed a dreary thing to be all alone. I would have welcomed even a Liao. No voices reached me in my lonely vigil; no boats were upon the lake, and no one was near, and I was not quite so brave as I had been before the sun went down. But I waited a while to enjoy the early part of the eclipse, and then quietly hurried down into the Witch's Cauldron, as the crater is called, to spend the night.

This was even more dismal and quite dark. A bird sent a forlorn note through the air, and I started at every shadow. I half regretted my folly. But nothing could be done now. I was there, and could not return. No one could be summoned, and so there I must stay until daylight.

I built a big fire in the volcano's final fireplace, melted some snow water and brewed a cup of tea. Selecting a fairly smooth spot among a bed of rocks I wrapped a bright Indian blanket closely around me, took my boots for a pillow, and lay down to sleep beneath blue heavens draped with silken stars.

In the middle of the night I was awakened by voices. I stirred softly from my bed and peered out. Right in front of me, before the fire, not ten feet distant, stood two strange figures. Their backs were toward me and they were unaware of my presence.

Here I was, alone, away from every friend, at 1 o'clock at night—and about to be discovered.

I waited a few moments and watched my unbidden guests improve the fire. Then, sitting up in my blankets, as solemn as an Indian, and as gayly adorned, I asked, "Who are you, and why do you intrude here?"

It was a dramatic moment. The men turned swiftly, as if stunned, and stared at me. One of them stammered out, at last: "What! A woman here—and alone?"

They were strangers, it seems. One was a hunter and adventurer, a mountaineer. He had climbed the hills from Alaska to Mexico. He knew the Cascades, the Sierras, the Selkirs, as an old book; he had

A CUP THAT COST 2,000 LIVES.

The Ill-Fated Czar's Coronation Cups Which Caused the Fatal Panic Now in New York.

There are now in this city six of the cups, in the struggle for which over 2,000 Russian peasants lost their lives at the coronation following the coronation of the Czar on May 30. These coronation cups are in the window of a Fourteenth street jeweller.

Six hundred thousand of these coronation cups were made by a firm in Vienna. The work took two months.

The cups were distributed free to the people in accordance with an immemorial custom in Russia. Every Czar has his coronation cups distributed thus.

The cups are made in Russian enamel on copper and will stand the wear of years. The groundwork is white with the design worked out in blue and terra cotta.

In the centre of the cup is the imperial coat-of-arms, intricate in design, but skillfully executed, each minute symbol being clear and distinct. Around the rim and base of the cup run two small bands of gold.

The coronation cups have little intrinsic value, but are highly prized by the Russian people as souvenirs of a great historical event. A vast multitude of Russian people assembled on the Irodynsky Plain outside of Moscow, when these cups were to be distributed May 30.

The pushing was so great that all the police and soldiers who were present were unable to properly handle the crowd, which broke away from the authorities. When the thousands of persons in the rear began to press forward upon those in front and a number of the latter were crushed against the barriers, the shrieks of the injured caused the attendants to become stricken with terror.

Then the barriers were broken down by the enormous multitude pressing upon them. The attendants, in fear of their lives, threw thousands of the coronation cups, filled with meat, beer, etc., at the struggling mass of humanity in an effort to drive them back.

The immense quantity of liquids thus thrown formed a sort of pond in front of the long line of booths and rendered the

pressed his sympathy.

The six cups that have now arrived in this city are souvenirs of this sad occurrence. Many of the coronation cups fell into the hands of bric-a-brac dealers, but the great bulk of them remain in the possession of Russian peasants. Thousands of these poor people had walked hundreds of miles in the hope of getting a cup, which no amount of money would now tempt them to part with.

THE NOMINEES TOSSED.

The Flip of a Quarter May Make Charles R. Sligh the Next Governor of Michigan.

The man who may be the next Governor of Michigan secured his nomination by the flip of a coin. To take out a quarter and toss it into the air to see whether heads or tails would turn up, seemed to be the only way to settle the conflicting claims of the two factions that nominated the State ticket at Bay City.

As the quarter was slipped in the air those who were looking at it realized that this little silver coin was perhaps making history, and that the Governorship of a great State perhaps depended on the way it should fall. The Democrats wanted to nominate Justin R. Whiting for the Governorship and the silverites backed by the Populists favored Charles R. Sligh, of Grand Rapids.

Each side insisted on having the first place on the ticket, and the convention was brought to a deadlock. The Democrats had every reason to believe that the Governorship belonged to them, and that the figures of previous elections showed that in getting the second place on the ticket, together with other fat State offices, the Populists and silverites were really getting more than they were entitled to.

After several hours' squabbling the Populists threatened to bolt. In order to prevent this, Wellington R. Burt and ex-Senator Holden put their heads together, and after a brief consultation announced to the convention that they had found a way out of the difficulty.

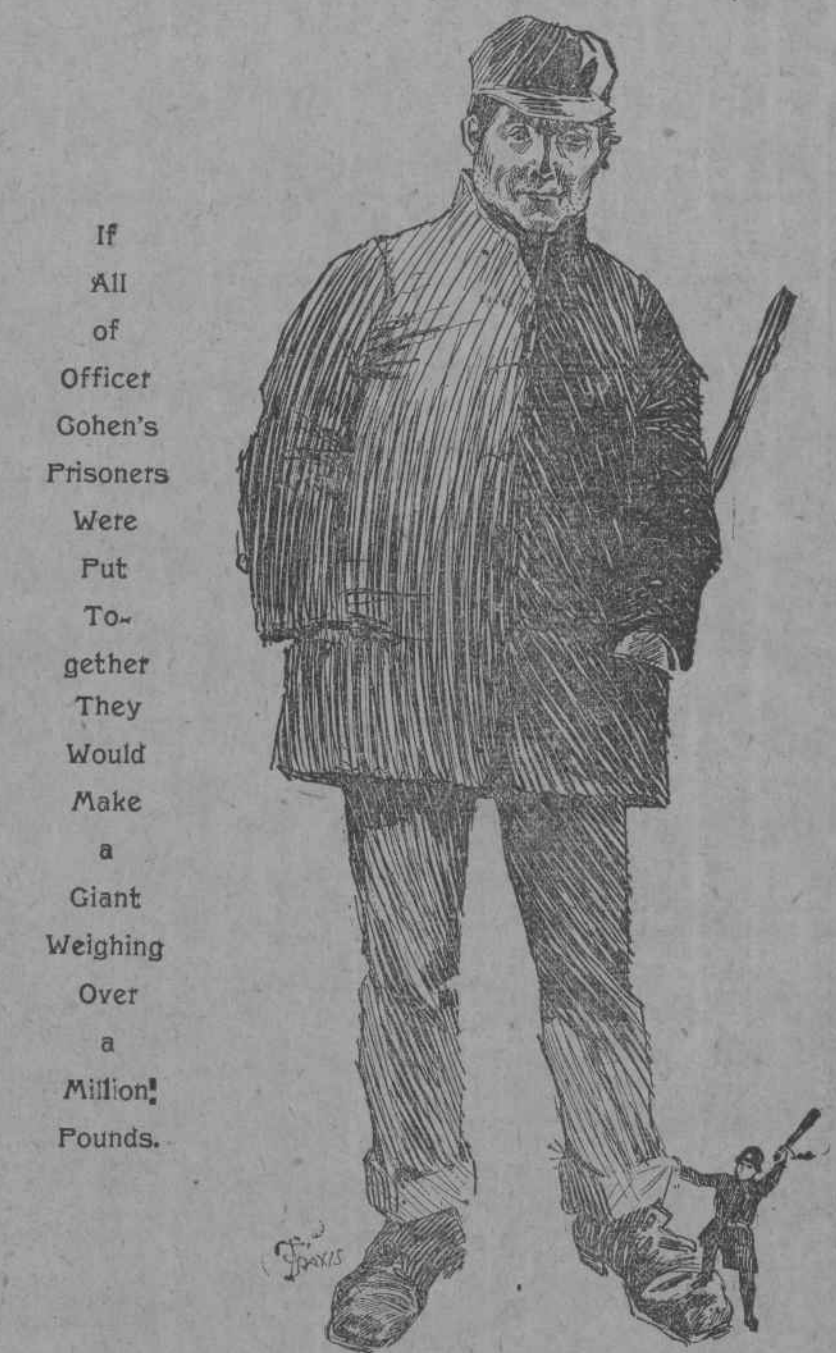
This was hailed with delight by the delegates, but when they were asked what was their means of escape they refused to disclose the details and said they would have to retire to a room to work out the problem. Each was a leader of one of the rival factions, and both were desirous of securing harmony of action.

The convention decided to leave it to these two men. Mr. Burt and ex-Senator Holden then retired to an anteroom.

After a brief absence they returned and announced that Charles R. Sligh, the candidate of the silverites and Populists, had been agreed upon between them. It was not known at the time how this compromise had been reached.

It has since leaked out, however, that a quarter was tossed in the air to settle the matter. If it came down "heads," Whiting would have received the nomination. But as the "tail" showed up when the quarter had finally settled itself upon a

He Has Arrested 5,800 People!



If All of Officer Cohen's Prisoners Were Put Together They Would Make a Giant Weighing Over a Million Pounds.

Morris Cohen, connected with the Eldridge Street Station and Nineteenth Police Precinct, is the champion arrestee. In less than two months over eight years he has made 5,800 arrests. This is the record, so far as any one connected with the force at the present time is concerned, and inquiry falls to reveal in the history of the department any single officer's performance that approaches it.

Cohen has spent the greater part of his police career in the Eldridge Street Precinct, the most densely populated district in the world.

The character of the arrests has ranged from a loitering pushcart pedler to a homicide, from Sunday excise violations to the raiding of an extensive illicit still, from clubbing a hoodlum into submission to the great capture of a famous forger as he dined at the Waldorf.

With an intimate knowledge of the habits of the teeming population of the East Side, a thorough command of the many languages spoken there, he has been an invaluable aid to police government in a difficult district. For two years Cohen was connected with the Central Office force, and made many sensational and clever captures. Nearly six thousand arrests means more persons that there are officers on the police force. There is no hall in New York except Madison Square Garden that would hold them should they be arranged for trial. There is not cell room in all the city prisons in which to lock them up. If they went street car riding they might be crowded into one hundred and fifty Broadway cars. Marching as soldiers four abreast, with the usual alignment, the column would be one and one-quarter miles long, filling Broadway from the Battery to City Hall.

Should the 5,800 prisoners be melted into one East Side tough, what a tough that would be! Cohen is a man who weighs 200 pounds net. His prisoner would weigh 1,600,000 pounds, and the bridge has not been built yet that would carry him over, and his walks abroad would be marked by crushed pavements and seismic disturbances.

This man would be 53 feet. The officer is a splendidly built man, but his giant prisoner would be nine times as big as he at every joint.

At first blush these figures are disappointing. To the non-mathematical mind 5,800 men 5 feet 8 inches high ought to make a bigger man than 53 feet, but it must be remembered that this giant is built from the inside out, and in proportion.

The greatest of the prehistoric monsters that Professor Osborn, of the Museum of Natural History, is reconstructing would have been no more than a mastiff for this fellow, and the recently discovered giant footprints in Victoria are such as he would have made when a barefooted boy.

Mr. Cohen's consolidated prisoner would need a boot with a sole that measured from heel to toe 12 feet. His collar would measure 12 feet around the neck. He would be 22 feet across the shoulders and 36 feet around the chest. If he smoked a Reina Victoria it would be just 3 feet long, and his revolver would be 9 feet long.

His hands would look like sides of beef, and his eyes like the bull's-eye lights of an ocean steamer. No horse's tail was ever as coarse as the hair of his head, and his teeth would look like headstones in a cemetery. His ears would flap in the wind like those of the lamented Jumbo, and if he sneezed, buildings would fall down. If he said: "Say, young fellow, gimme a beer; make it solid, see?" the sound of rumbling thunder would be aroused by the proffer of a pony holding an even gallon. He would readily dispose of a half-barrel at a meal, which would weigh twenty pounds.

When he got drunk clear through it would take him more than nine times as

long as an ordinary man to get sober. The boy who shined his shoes for 45 cents would lose money, and his tailor would need to be a wholesaler and contractor.

WHITE CANNIBALS.

Records Which Show That Love of Human Flesh Is Not Confined to Savages.

The question has recently been asked by a French scientist whether white people were ever cannibals. An English journal says that so far as the records of primitive man are trustworthy they show that, whether white, brown or black, he was a cannibal.

Within historic times the evidence of Homer and Herodotus shows that the inhabitants of Northeastern Europe and of the Caspian region were strongly suspected of cannibalism. Again, there is the authority of St. Jerome in support of the statement that the British contingent enlisted by Theodosius were cannibals, and that cannibalism was the rule rather than the exception among the ancient Scots.

There is a white-headed race of savages among the forests of the Maranon, in South America, supposed to be descended from deserters and stragglers from the Spanish conquerors, who are believed to be cannibals. After the English conquest in the fourteenth century, parts of Scotland were reduced to such fearful desolation that in places the unfortunate inhabitants were driven to cannibalism through sheer lack of food.

During the first half of the seventeenth century the cannibal family of Alexander Bain, or Savney Beane, flourished on the coast of Galloway. Before its extermination the family consisted of eight sons and sixteen grandsons, six daughters and fourteen granddaughters. One of the girls, a mere infant, was spared the fate which overtook the rest, but she had hardly completed her fifteenth year, before the inborn craving for human flesh broke out, and she was burned to death for the crime of cannibalism.

EXCHANGE FOR MODELS.

Where the Artists of Paris Select the Women They Intend to Paint.

At an inn near Place Rochefoucault, in Paris, there is an exchange for the hiring of artists' models. They assemble there every Monday and Tuesday in the hope of obtaining employment.

When engaged the models are generally paid from 15 to 30 francs per week. Sometimes they get more. They sit for three hours a day.

When artists are seeking for models the palm of beauty and symmetry of figure is given to the girls of Spain, while those of Ireland are a good second. The prettiest faces and most graceful throats are said to be found among English maidens.

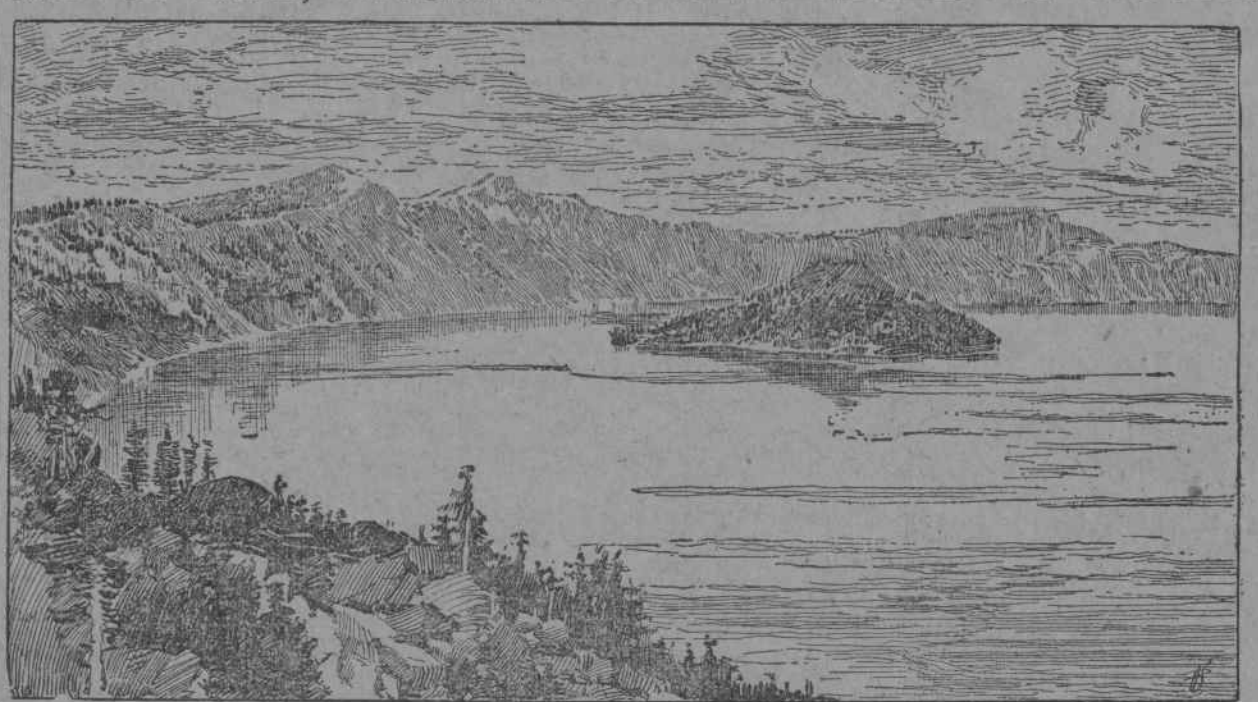
A model for a perfect arm is sought for among Grecian women. Italian women are noted among the Parisian artists for having the best figures.

EXPLANATION OF FREAKS.

The Scientific Reasons for Our Dime Museum Curiosities.

Three weeks ago the Journal published a very interesting illustrated article on the medical diseases which produce the strange freaks of nature seen in the dime museums. By error the material in the article was credited to Dr. J. C. McGuire, an eminent physician of Washington. Some of the facts were obtained from a pamphlet, "Freaks, as Pertaining to Diseases of the Skin," written by Dr. McGuire and read originally before the Medical Society of the District of Columbia last February. The illustrations and many of the deductions and statements were not, however, from Dr. McGuire, and for this reason he writes to have the Journal state that the article published was not his.

CRATER LAKE, THOUSANDS OF FEET ABOVE THE CLOUDS.



ON THE SUMMIT OF THE GASCADE MOUNTAINS.

yet to see Crater Lake. Only that night he had reached its cliffs and found a man to row him out. From there they watched the moon's eclipse, after which they climbed the island to spend the night.

When the strangers learned why I was alone, they courteously offered to retire, but a woman's sense of hospitality never deserts her, and in a few moments I was offering my breakfast to the guests, and extending a welcome to the island.

And so I became sociable, and we three sat by the fire and talked of the mountains as do the lovers of our Western hills. The firelight flashed up, and lighted my face, and the younger man looked thoughtfully up and remarked:

"From your features I should say you were Miss Fay Fuller."

Fancy my surprise at being discovered, name and all. It was easily explained, however, for he had seen a mountain book or two in which my picture appeared.

Wrapped snugly in our blankets, we soon mounted to the crater's edge and sat until sunrise, watching the glory of the night. It was a wonderful scene, magnificent beyond the telling. We rolled big boulders down the steep slopes and heard them thunder along the water's edge. We fired a revolver and stirred up echoes. We watched the circular sweep of cliffs, lying like a protecting arm around us, and saw their counterparts etched upon the lake.

The moon set when it was almost day, and the sun came up, full of glory.

None of the big party of Mazamas, nor all the campers who slept peacefully down the shore, had yet discovered how I spent the night in the center of Wizard Island.

FAY FULLER.

ground slippery and treacherous, making a foothold very precarious. A great number of persons who might otherwise have escaped thus fell to the ground and were trampled to death.

Thirty bodies were found in an old, disused well in the middle of the plain, and among these were two living people made insane by the horror of their position. There were one thousand attendants present to distribute the cups and some of these were killed.

A great number of children were among the victims, whose exact numbers will never be known, as many were carried away by their friends. Immediately after the accident the Czar promised to help the families of the bereaved, for whom he expressed his sympathy.

table, the nomination went to Sligh, and Whiting got the second place on the ticket, as had been agreed upon beforehand.

Then the convention went to work dividing up the rest of the State offices between the two factions, and adjourned, leaving only one hole in the ticket. That was the place of Secretary of State, which was left vacant in the hope that it might be used as a bait to secure the withdrawal of the free silver prohibition ticket. The tossing of the quarter thus brought order out of chaos, harmonized a convention that was just on the eve of a split, and united in one ticket the hopes of three political parties.

The only other instance in which the tossing of a coin was allowed to decide the fate of candidates in recent American politics was six years ago, in the Hannibal district of Missouri. The Congressional convention had been in session for nine days without reaching a conclusion, and was hopelessly deadlocked.

The delegates were farmers, who were all anxious to get back to their homes. When the prospect of reaching a settlement seemed remote, it was suggested by some inventive genius that both sides toss up for the nomination. This novel suggestion was enthusiastically received.

It was carried out within a few minutes, and in less than an hour the convention adjourned, all parties being satisfied that justice had been done. Norron, the successful candidate on that occasion, was dubbed "Toss Up Dick," and the name stuck to him all through the campaign. He was elected to Congress as a result of the toss up, and Champ Clark, his unsuccessful rival, defeated him for the nomination two years later.



THE FATAL CORONATION MUG.